

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Killuminati"

[2Pac:]

Makaveli the Don, break on 'em!
Ah put ya, ah put ya hands on ya, hands on ya heater
Hands on ya, hands on ya heater, hands on ya, hand...

[2Pac:]

Let it be prophesized; niggas'll die because your crew's goon
Around the way niggas get murdered by the full moon
Heard it in whispered tones
Niggas is bold and they choose to roll
I kill 'em all, watch now, nigga, truth be told
Westside was the war cry, look how they scatter
Niggas dyin' by my 30-yard, brains'll splatter
Wonder why these niggas cross me, I'm certified crazy
So sick the world made me
Now diggy-die, every time I ride is for reasons
Hard to kill a nigga cause I'm comin' back like Jesus
Bow down to my ill nation, runnin' from drug cases
Lookin' at my congregation so full of thug faces
Momma gave a nigga breath, a life of stress
I invest in a vest and makin' niggas watch they every step
Label me a threat and I ain't even got started with this shit yet
Thug style, baby, hands on my pistol, listen
I'm a ridah, every nigga breathin' pay attention
'Bout to show you motherfuckers how it feel to drop a body
A simple glimpse of my lifestyle, Killuminati...

[(Kastro) 2Pac:]

(Yo, Makaveli, they can't stop you)
Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)
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Hold it down!
(Killuminati and we got you, got you)

[2Pac:]

After the fire comes the rain, after the pleasure there's pain
Even though we broke for the moment, we'll be ballin' again
'Til I make it, yo, my military be prepared for them bustaz
Similar to bitches too scary, get too near me, we rushin'
Visions of over-packed prisons, millions of niggas thug livin'
Pressures and three strikes, I hope they don't test us
They pull the heat out, ammunition in crates
Psssh! Move without a sound as we slide down pistols in place

They got me fiendin' for currency, the money be callin'
It's like I'm - dreamin', seein' scenes of me ballin'
Participated in felonious behavior
Cock the cocked 45, snatchin' niggas pagers
Labeled a mark soon as we start, it was hard to quit
We started out drinkin' 40's, moved to harder shit
God damn, now I'm a grown man, I follow no man
Nigga got my own plan, and it's called Killuminati

[(Kastro) 2Pac:]

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Killuminati
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Hold it down!
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Hold it down!
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[E.D.I. Amin:]

I spend most of my time bankin', niggas
Because they hate a nigga, comin' across fake niggas
But we made niggas, old school and I'm thinkin'
Y'all some bitch made niggas and you steadily sinkin'
O-U-T, L-A-W-Z, ain't nothing fuckin' with that
We bustin' back, comin' back for the stacks
Laugh last, cash cash, all I want is the paper
Givin' them fuckers tool whips, I rule haters
Y'all can't fade us, we kill, steal and peal quickly
The boss niggas, definitely, put it down strictly
E.D.I. Amin, until the law come for me
Kill 'em all for shorty, '99 Killuminati

[Kadafi:]

They got me thinkin' strugglin' and hustling's my only fate
Toppin' grams on the kitchen plate
Tryin' to keep that money straight
Times is rolling three up these streets sleep
But when I crack, hammer cocked back, rapped in my sheets
My life's been crossed, crooked since a seed
It hurts, got a package from the devil, payin' my deeds
Preoccupied by the greed in this crooked life I lead
More funds to spend or bigger guns to squeeze
Me and my thugs clock G's, sippin' naughty thangs
Real as these tats on my body, and it's Killuminati

[(Kastro) 2Pac:]

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[2Pac:]

(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
(Makaveli up in this bitch, worldwide mash, Westside
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
The question we ask, do you know what time it is?
You know what type of shit we be
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
You want that hip-hop real, it's that hip-hop that's real
Hold it down, hold it down! Hip-hop that's worldwide, feel?
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
Fuck with me, nigga, you get killed!
It don't get no realer than this
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
What's my motherfuckin' name, nigga?
My niggas, we all bad
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
What's my muh'fuckin name, nigga?
What's my muh'fuckin name?
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
Outlawz in this bitch, Death Row at its finest
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)
Repeat! Death Row at it's finest
Nigga, you know what time it is
(Makaveli the Don until I'm gone, I maintain)... Outlawz...

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

Writer(s): Cosmo Hickox, The Outlawz